

THE DAILY REBEL

Persons ordering THE REBEL by mail will please bear in mind that we will not receive any of the shipments unless they are accompanied by the bill of lading from the shipper, and the bill of lading must be from the shipper, and not from the consignee. Neither will we undertake to return shipments sent us after the publication of this notice.

Persons receiving late Northern newspapers will greatly oblige us by the use of them. The general anxiety on all hands, to hear the latest intelligence from the enemy's country, and the absolute necessity, which the dissemination of such information is calculated to accomplish, should call to the attention of those along the front of our line in Middle Tennessee, the value of late Northern newspapers. We are willing to pay cash, or to take liberal terms for such services.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1863.

Old maxims, like pleasant acquaintances, are quoted and referred to at all times with fluency and good nature. When we set out on a journey and all does not go well with us, we say a "bad beginning makes a good ending," and are comforted. If we trip in a certain undertaking "better luck next time," is the first consolation of the happy, healthful and wise. Or, as in the insane raid against us, we have been in the habit of crying "whom the Gods mean to destroy, they first make mad," and thus with an epigram dispose of the entire Yankee nation. Also in a time of profound gloom "the darkest hour is just before day." A moment's reflection will call to mind many pat sayings of this kind, which have been current in the South, and which indeed have done a deal of good. They have furnished a pretty household argument in favor of the worst state of things, and have kept up the hope of the country in the evil way, by which hope can be sustained, the comfort and encouragement that springs out of the superstitions, the prejudices, the traditions, the education of the nursery and childhood; for hope, like love, cannot be reasoned with by rule and ratio. But now that the storm is, for a season at least, over with us, and the sun glimmers out upon our ship sailing in a free and flowing sea, it is amusing to look from her broad deck upon our floundering enemy and hear their jargon. Argument, like honesty, specie and public credit is out with them, and in imitation of ourselves, they have taken to preaching maxims to the people. "Never mind Lincoln," cries the Philadelphia press, "he's all right." "It is never too late to mend, you know." Whereupon a grand argument is built up, an argument as to the famous "house that Jack built." "See the New York Herald wait, let the tale be told to the end, before you take too active and it may be fatal steps. One story's good till another is told." We should say the story told just now is a deuced bad one, at least for Yankee ears. Plagiarisms upon our earlier appropriated maxims are proposed; and to read the Northern Journals one would imagine himself in Dixie, one year ago, when matters looked a little of the bluest. The truth is when men have to resort to the comfort of old sayings, they are always "hard up." Misadventures like anything that happens or may happen, will do, and will be eagerly sought. This is the condition of the Ex-American Union today. At the very moment, when some signal effort is required, the Government and people thereof, find themselves prostrate and powerless. Unable to reduce Vicksburg; helpless as infants in Virginia; blockaded by the blessing of God, Bragg's army; and the February rains in Middle Tennessee; called away from the coast by some "prodigious rain of ex-communication" defeated in Texas; and held in check below Port Hudson, the Anacostia writhes its wounded length along; slowly, dizzily, emitting out nothing but poisonous vapors to its own destruction. Grains in the East, grows in the center, and curses loud and deep in the West, if something does not turn up before many days, all men see that the power of the North—of arms, of resource and of union—is gone forever. Though the war may not end, its gigantic proportions must recede; though we may not have peace, we shall have the next thing to peace, an enemy whipped in body and broken in soul. Now is the day therefore, and now the hour for all men, in the ranks and out of the ranks to put their shoulder to the wheel. The golden chance is given us this blessed morning, and if we fail to improve it, we write ourselves doubly damned.

Notwithstanding our troubles, trials and tribulations of war and revolution, the great world of letters goes on as unmoved in London and Paris, as though all the earth were at peace. Books by the hundreds are turned off daily, good and bad, historical, poetical, biographical, ecclesiastical, scientific and romantic. The reviews and magazines too, bespeak the lively existence of periodical literature. Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens are both hard at work, whilst a current of life is whirled about to the effect that Mr. Bulwer Lytton is engaged upon a classic drama for Drury Lane Theatre. The Theatre is also busy.

The Opera, the galleries of the fine arts, and all things peaceful and pleasant hold out a delicious temptation to the European wanderer. Foreign Princes are hobnobbing and hobnobbing one another, visiting and being visited, giving levees, masquerades and grand dinners. In the North it is different, although even there the wheels of the great intellectual chariot, drawn by poets, are not entirely stopped by the war. "Harper's Magazine" evinces no falling off in typographical neatness, and as there was little room for falling off in other respects, presents its usual appearance. The "Atlantic Monthly" (despite its attainable abolitionism, deism and other isms, the most able of the Yankee periodicals) is still more racy than its wont. The illustrated weeklies are particularly disgusting. The falsehoods, the cant, the indecency of these has no limit. "Frank Leslie" and "Harper's pictorial journal of barbarism" are loaded with a hebdomadary array of trash, of engraving and text, revelling to every sense of refinement and culture. From the latest Northern papers we glean a few items of literary intelligence, which may be of interest to those who are not wholly absorbed by the operations of war and military affairs.

"Owen Meredith" (young Bulwer) has a new poem "Emile" in the press. It is a fellow fiction in verse to "Lucile". Sterling Coyne, author of that exquisite little three act comedy, "Every Body's Friend" is the author of a series of delightful essays on the drama, in Bentley's Magazine. A monument is about being erected by subscription, in memory of Douglas Jerrold. The Paris Charivari is down on Lincoln, and the Yankees.

Charles Dance, author of the "Morning Call," died on Monday the 5th of January, at Lovelock, (England) where he had been residing for his health. He was in his sixtieth year, and was the author also of the Country Squire, and some other pieces retained on the British stage. He was a very successful playwright. A new life of Charlotte Bronte is in course of publication, and will be out soon. The original manuscript of Gray's Elegy, consisting of two small half sheets, written over closely and much mutilated, sold at auction in London recently for one hundred pounds sterling.

Some of the Yankee officers are making a good thing out of war in books as well as in the field. Among the latest issues by the notorious STRANGERS of New York, we note: "Modern War, its Theory and Practice," illustrated from celebrated campaigns and battles, with maps and diagrams. By Emory S. S. S. A. 12mo, \$1.25. "Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry, with standing orders, extracts from the revised regulations, rules for health, maxims for soldiers, and duties of officers. By Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, Chief of Staff with Gen. Hooker. 18mo, \$3.25. Our contemporary of the Mobile Register, gives the following cheap substitute for the Theatre: "Reading French's Acting Drama and eating peanuts. This combines all the essentials of the Theatre at a reduced price. Whenever you catch yourself with your heels cocked up on the edge of the table, cry 'hoops' and it will be difficult to distinguish the substitute from the genuine article, as they say of mock coffee."

The Bible Society is issuing Testaments, as fast as they can get them bound, and supplying the Tract and Colportage Associations with them as rapidly as possible. It has received invoices of shipments from England; of more than five thousand dollars worth, and it hopes soon to begin to receive them. Tracts are furnished by the Soldier's Tract Association, Rev. W. W. Bennett, Richmond, Va., by the Evangelical Society, Petersburg, Va., and by the South Carolina Tract Society, at Charleston. We believe that Rev. T. W. Dorman, D. D., at Mobile, has an agency for supplying this West with Tracts. Those ordering Testaments may write, sending the money to G. M. Thew, Esq., Augusta, Ga. The Society is not authorized to make donations, but can only procure or publish to be delivered to order for the cash.

From the Vicksburg Whig we take the following paragraph. It is true, it is glorious news: CAPTURE OF THE BROOKLYN.—We have information, which comes through a well-known gentleman, from New Orleans, that Gen. Magruder captured the famous Yankee man-of-war Brooklyn, off Galveston a short time since. She grounded, and while her crew were in the act of shifting the guns to get her off, Magruder sent out his magnificent fleet and boarded her. This news was fully credited in New Orleans, and will add additional lustre to the name of J. Bankhead Magruder.

Extract from a business letter, dated St. Landry Parish, La., Feb. 3, 1863: We have a sufficient supply of corn, pork and beef in this parish to feed at least 15,000 troops for twelve months, and have an abundance for home consumption, although holders are asking for corn \$1 per bushel, beef 60c per pound, pork 20c per pound, molasses 35c to 50c per gallon, sugar 10c to 15c per pound. I put this merely to let you know the difference in prices of the necessities of life here and in your city. —Mobile Register.

The Chicago Times of the 10th says: The Senate is still without a quorum, and the State is virtually in revolution. An informal caucus was held to night, but nothing definite was agreed upon. The Democrats will not agree to pass any appropriation bills, to postpone consideration of the peace resolutions, or, in brief, to adopt any proposition, unless the Republican accession will return to their seats and proceed in their legislative duties. They will no doubt go back to-morrow, when the appropriation bills and resolutions and other measures will take their respective chances. I do not think the appropriations will get through until at least the resolutions are adopted. It is still very possible, not to say probable, that the Legislature will break up in a row.

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H. R. H. the Prince of Wales accepted formally on the 23d of December, the freedom of the Fishmongers Company, one of the most influential of the guilds of London.

The Nassau correspondent of the Charleston Courier, under date February 9, gives the following account of the cruise of the Florida, up to the day of her leaving that port: Our hotel verandah, which for some days has been graced with a Yankee army officer in uniform, was astonished on the morning of the 26th ultimo, with an irruption of grey coats. The Confederate steamer Florida, Captain Mallit, sailed into the harbor of Nassau, after obtaining permission of the authorities, to coal for twenty-four hours. It was a cheering sight—the Confederate stars and bars floating over Confederate cannon in a foreign port. Capt. Mallit and the officers of the Florida came ashore, and were agreeably entertained by the resident Southerners and many of the citizens. The Florida left Mobile Bay on the 10th of January. She was chased by the whole Federal squadron off that port, but ran away from it easily, and in twenty-four hours was out of sight of the fleetest of the enemy. Proceeding to the coast of Cuba, the Florida fell in with three Yankee vessels in quick succession. The brig Estelle, bound from Santa Cruz, Cuba, to Boston, had a valuable cargo which, with the vessel, was valued at \$140,000. The captain and crew were taken off and the brig consigned to the flames. The Florida subsequently captured the brig Virward, from Matanzas, to Portland, Maine, and the brig Cora Ann, from Philadelphia to Matanzas. They met the same fate. The crews of these vessels were landed on the shore in small boats and, after these exploits, after a ten day's run, during which eleven Yankee vessels were completely "bamboozled," and three Yankee merchantmen, valued, with their cargoes, at not less than \$300,000, were destroyed, the Florida ran into Nassau. She remained exactly twenty-four hours, and then steamed away upon her mission of devastation. All on board were well and in fine spirits. Capt. Mallit has commenced the cruise very prettily. Ere long he will be as much an object of interest and anxiety to the Yankee ship-owners as "Old Becsaw."

Another Visitor.—On Sunday evening about three o'clock, our community was again enabled to see one more of old Abe's gunboats, the Vicksburg. She passed the Vicksburg batteries last Friday night, amid a dense fog. This boat does not appear to be a very formidable affair. She bore the evidence of being a Cincinnati tub, cut down a story, with side wheels, and tall chimneys, slow in motion, and between two heavy coal boats to protect her hull from cannon shot and Confederate rams. At the time she passed Natchez, there was too much fog to venture a naval engagement, or some luckless fisherman might have found himself minus a skull or two yesterday morning. Her extra cargo of coal aboard the flats, indicated that she was in for a lengthy trip, and we would not be surprised to learn that her commander had steered for Red and Ouachita rivers, where her consort, the Queen of the West, is said to have gone before her.

S. Since writing the above, we learn that this new visitor has captured the Era No. 5, and was anchored with her prize, yesterday afternoon at the foot of Natchez island. We also learn that the Confederate batteries on Red river, in their attack on the ferryboat DeSoto, so crippled her that she sunk in that river. —Natchez Courier.

We learn that Capt. Southland, of the Yankee ram Queen of the West, was recently married to Mrs. Harris, a wealthy lady, living just below Skipwith's landing. She has certainly given evidence of her love for the miserable dogs who are fighting for the extermination of that which constitutes the major portion of her wealth—the negro. —Vicksburg Whig.

Our accounts be true, the honeymoon of the false fair one was short, as the captain of the Queen of the West is reported among the slain on that vessel. —Appeal.

A Grenada despatch of the 20th to the Appeal says: The Federal gunboats Forest Rose and Lancaster are among the vessels in the Yazoo Pass. They are making slow progress in removing the obstructions. Water falling rapidly. A pleasant summer cruise these boats will have on Moon Lake. —Mobile Register.

Novel Idea.—During a recent debate in the Confederate Senate, Mr. Thibault of Mississippi, alluded to the fact that they had seen white women in "blue and black" and broad sunbonnets, guiding the plough in Southern fields. He invoked God's blessing upon such women and hoped that they would be "mild ornaments in the parlor of Paradise."

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